1/12/70

Dear Harold,

I've just returned home from a good, uneventful ride, as Lil wished. I finished the book I had, "The Selling of the Pres" which, I think, is crap. I think it is often questionable, and always biased. If anywhere near accurate, it is indeed a very disturbing picture.

As usual, I loved my stay there. Again, my deepest thanks to you and Lil.

I think that each time I visit I leave with a feeling which can't quite be described, but is probably rooted in pity (for your plight) and anger (for those responsible for it). Believe me, it is not just plain "feeling sorry" for you. It is deeper, more disturbing.

You have suffered too much for no real XXXX reason. You have been shat on too much by those you tried to help.

I think I know why this is so. It is because you have a great fault. When people XXXXXXXXXXX try to believe they have given you feces, you tell them they have given you shit. When they want to believe they have expectorated on you, you let them know they have spit on you.

Harold, yours is the crime of being honest...and having integrity.

Such a criminal I should come to be.

Now, more than ever do I appreciate the importance of your work. It has been amply reinforced in me that I should help you continue in your work, especially where you want most--financially. Your criticisms of those who who can but do not aid you this way are very true, very biting. I cannot let myself be one of your great supporters in words, but not in deeds--what really counts.

I do not look upon it as charity. You must not either.

Despite all else, I think you are a very lucky man. Especially because you have a loving and devoted wife whose feelings you return. Your gifts are, for the better part, not intrinsic or tangible. But I cannot help feeling they are far more valuable than the material. Treasure them.

I must go now. Take care.

Howard